[Vol. 1] THE [No. 26.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

Active minds are never satisfied in the pursuit of knowledge. However bright may be their faculties, and however rapid their progress in the acquirement of Science, it never keeps pace with their desires. They grasp at every thing at once, and to get possession of their object, enter on so many studies, and in so immethodical a manner, that they become more the repositories of incongruous ideas, and the little knowledge they gain is entirely useless to themselves and others. A long life, and uninterrupted leisure for study, joined to a vigorous mind and close application, are hardly sufficient to render any one eminent, as being possessed of every science. Few have these advantages, and it would perhaps be better for every one, to confine his attention to some particular branch of knowledge, as in such case only can he expect to become eminent.

A general cursory knowledge, however, of every science is necessary to enable any to advance rapidly to celebrity in any particular science, and to prevent his becoming pedantic and bigotted to that which engages his particular attention. A man ignorant of general knowledge, and skilled solely in one branch, is apt to suppose all other knowledge unworthy his attention, and to look on others, ignorant of his branch, with thorough contempt. General knowledge if it is but cursory, is sufficient to shew, that no one science is alone worthy attention, and that a man is entitled to nearly equal respect, in proportion as he is skilled in any one of them.

Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his Son, instructing him to become a fine gentleman, recommends, if I recollect right, a particular study for almost every hour in the day. This may be a great advantage to a fine gentleman, but can never, I think, be serviceable to a man of science. Indeed the only science Lord Chesterfield seemed to look on as being worthy the attention of a gentle-

man, was the science of deceiving mankind, and to effect this such knowledge as could be acquired in the way he recommends, joined to the plausible eloquence he boasts of having possessed himself, are perhaps sufficient.

BARCA.

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THE SOCIAL TRUANT::::No. 3.

MR. EDITOR,

As it is sometime since you have heard from me, you might perhaps have thought I had forgotten you. But this is not the case; having undergone a slight indisposition, I have seldom "strolled from my cockloft," to "lounge through the streets." Having, however, recovered, you will probably hear from me again occasionally.

Public walks are considered a great ornament to a town or city. When Washington Square was first laid out, there were few who did not acknowledge it, as well practically as by expressed opinion. Swarms of fashionable people made it the resort for an evening's walk, and they here had an opportunity of breathing a pure and clear air. But it soon ceased to be a novelty, and is now almost deserted. The streets it seems are now preferred by the ladies, (on what account I cannot conceive, for the taste of the ladies must not be questioned).

Persons who walk for pleasure, one would think, would naturally choose a pleasant place for their walk, and it is inconceivable that any should be found who would prefer the dirty, dusty, warm and uncomfortable streets, to the cool, clean, pleasant and agreeable situation of Washington Square.

The following, which appears to be a fragment, I found near the middle of Washington Square one evening in the summer of the year 1804.

"At the close of the day, when labour is past,
"And I wish for a while to rid me of care,
"To my much lov'd Myra with rapture I haste,
"Or with an old friend walk round Washington Square.

"How sweet is the pleasure with Myra to roam,
"In evening's dim twilight, when oft we repair
"To salute the fresh breeze which heightens her bloom,
"While we walk arm and arm round Washington Square."

From my Cockloft, June 22, 1806.

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COMMUNICATED.

Remarkable Benevolence of a Southern Captain ! !—As a ship was lately coming from Manilla, (having by misfortune lost her live stock, and the people on board were taken down with the scurvy,) she fell in with a southern captain, and requested him to afford a few potatoes as they had nothing to eat but salt beef—this humane fellow sold one bucket, and took from the captain of the ship, the *moderate* price of *five dollars* for them, notwithstanding their distressed situation !—Who will say we have not some savages yet left in America ?

ON MUSIC....No. 1.

MR. POOL,

As your paper is publicly devoted "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," you are requested to insert the following observations on the Composition and Design of Music. Amateurs, I am confident, will not be displeased at a perusal of them, as there are many now-a-days who fancy themselves sufficiently acquainted with the principles of Music to offer their compositions to, or impositions on, the public. *Your's, &c.*

A. B.

ON COMPOSITION.

Composition, in a general sense is, the uniting or putting together several things, so as to form one whole called a *compound.* Composition, in music, is the art of inventing and writing airs; of accompanying them with a suitable harmony; in short, of forming a complete piece of music in all its parts.

The knowledge of melody, harmony, and its rules, is the foundation of composition. Without doubt, it is necessary to know in what manner chords should be filled, how to prepare and resolve dissonances, how to find the fundamental bass, and how to put in practice all the other minutæ of elementary knowledge; but with the mechanical rules of harmony alone, one is by no means better qualified to understand the art, and operate in the practice of composition, than to form himself for eloquence upon the rhetorical precepts exhibited in grammar. We need not say, that besides this, it is necessary to understand the genius and compass of voices and instruments, to judge what airs may be easy, and what of difficult execution; to observe what will, and what will not, be productive of any effect; to feel the character of different movements, as well as that of different modulations, that both may always be suitably applied; to know the rules established by convention, by taste, by caprice, or by pedantry, as fuges, imitations, or in pieces where the subject is confined to uniform laws in its harmony, melody rythmus, &c. All these acquisitions are still no more than preparatives for composition: but the composer must find in his own genius the sources of beautiful melody, of sublime harmony, the picturesque, and the expressive in music; he must, in short, be capable of perceiving, and of forming the order of the whole piece; to follow the relations and aptitudes of which it is susceptible in every kind; to inflame his soul with the spirit and enthusiasm of the poet, rather than childishly amuse himself with punning in harmony, or adapting the music to each peculiar word. It is with reason that our musicians have given the name of *words* to the poems which they set to music. It appears evident from their manner of expressing them, that, in their apprehension, they seemed words and words alone. One would be tempted to imagine, particularly during some of these last years, that the rules for the formation and succession of chords have caused all the rest to be neglected or forgot; and that harmony has made no acquisitions but at the expense of what is general and essential in the musical art. All our artists know how to fill a chord with its constituent sounds, or a piece of harmony with its constituent parts; but hardly a soul amongst them feels a ray of composition. As to what remains, tho' the fundamental rules of counterpoint, or music in parts, continues still the same, they are more or less rigorous and inflexible in proportion as the parts increase in number; for, according as the parts are multiplied, the difficulty of composition is heightened, and the rules are less severe.

A FRAGMENT.

———She trembled as she met the eye of Lewson—she was confused and embarrassed—she gazed for a minute on his features, with an anxious and eager curiosity, and suddenly exclaiming, "It is! it is!" she dropped down into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Good heaven," said Lewson, who had a confused recollection of her person, "What can this mean?"—"What can this mean!" echoes Mordant,

"why, to bubble you out of your money. Pish! can't you see through these stale tricks? When the wax is evidently soft, can we wonder that Imposture should endeavour to stamp dupe upon it?"—"Would to heaven," returned Apitus, "that the rude impression of brutality were stamped on nothing more durable!"

"Do you not," said the wretched visitant, "remember Miss L****y?"—"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lewson, "Miss L****y!"—"I was once that favoured child of gaiety and affluence," said she; "But oh! what am I now!" Then, after a pause—"Oh father! husband! stepdame!" exclaimed she, "and oh; worst of all, my own imprudent heart!"

Lewson was pierced to the soul; he felt a kind of mingled perturbation, anxiety, and curiosity, an indescribable sensation, painful indeed, and exquisitely sad, but dearer to the expanded heart than all the joys of grandeur and of sense. Even Mordant listened, with a malignant sneer, while she briefly related her affecting story.

"My father," said the poor unfortunate, "was as you know, Sir, an eminent barrister, and, at the time when I had the honour of meeting you at his friend J———'s, had attained such opulence by his profession, as enabled him to enjoy every species of luxury. Shortly after this he married Lady N——, who, though she seemed to have a disinterested affection for my father, always treated me with the most mortifying cruelty and contempt. O fatal persecution! to which, alas! I owe all my present misery. My father, however, infatuated by the charms and accomplishments of this second wife, and not a little vain of her rank, yielded himself and his family implicitly to her dominion, and seemed to think the sacrifice of his daughter's peace no more than a proper return, to one who had brought to his arms title, elegance, and fashion. Thus persecuted by her who had usurped from me the dominion of my father's house, and neglected by him to whom I owed my wretched existence, the only minutes of tranquillity I enjoyed were those I spent in my own apartments, with my music master.

"Young and inexperienced as I was, can it be wondered, that an insinuating youth, with whom I spent my only cheerful hours, and who instructed me in the only art that could charm to sweet forgetfulness the anguish of my mind, should make too tender an impression on a susceptible heart. In short, he professed, and I really felt, the most pure and generous affection; and I consented to elope with the basest, the most inhuman of his sex.

"Though my father had not tenderness enough to protect his daughter from patrician insult at home, he had still pride enough to resent her having sought a plebeian protector abroad. As soon, therefore, as he heard of my marriage, he forbad me the house; and the arts of my cruel stepdame prevailed on him to resolve on seeing me no more—a resolution which he too cruelly kept. But peace to his soul—for oh! he was still my father. Tax him not, O heaven! with my afflictions, nor remember his transgressions, as he remembered mine. Oh! Mr. Lewson, he is no more. Four years since he died, and left me—cruel! cruel!—a wanton's legacy (so he termed it) —a shilling. But, alas! the worst is still untold;—My husband! cruel stars! —is there no truth—no generosity—no pity in the heart of man? Must the poor credulous female, who sacrifices all to love, meet in return desertion —treachery—ruin? But oh! deceitful perjurer!—wherever thou fliest to shun the cries of that want, which, for thy dear—accursed sake, I endure, may the keenest pangs of my misery reach thee, and transfix thy savage heart.

"I will not relate to you, Sir, the gradations of distress by which I was reduced to what you see, nor harrow your soul by recounting the cruel taunts with which my haughty stepdame and inhuman husband answerd my unavailing petitions. My education disqualified me from earning a subsistence. I endeavoured to drown my anguish, by appealing to a practice which soon became habitual—intoxication. My soul became as degraded as my condition, and no resources presented themselves but begging or prostitution, to the former of which I sunk by imperceptible gradations."

"Thanks to heaven," exclaimed Lewson, "you chose not the latter. Thy wants shall be relieved, and the tongue that sued shall supplicate no more;

but who shall restore to the soul of venal licentiousness its wonted purity, or bid the modest blush tinge once more the cheek of polluted beauty ?"

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CHOANG AND HANSI.

A CHINESE TALE—BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea : they were a pattern of conjugal bliss ; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity ; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow ; and in all the pleasures of Hansi Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined ; and, to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace ; when an accident happenned, which in some measure diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity ; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, (being cloathed all over in white) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment ; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason "Alas," replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, "how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave ! he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands : with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry ; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fullfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married ; but, concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home ; adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns and exclamations, to chide his suspicions ; the widow herself was inveighed against ; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such bare-faced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy ; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation : nothing could equal their apparent happiness ; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo ! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death : after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom ; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple ; and on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments ; the body of Choang

was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time presribed by law for his interment. In the mean time Hansi, and the young disciple, were arrayed in the most magnificent habits: the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approcahing happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her cloaths, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin, where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the appartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and, unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other before hand, they knew how to excuse them, after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and not expecting rapture made a shift to find contentment.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

ANONYMOUS.

WHILE *woman* like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some fav'rite part each fair performs
In concert of the senses.

Love, great first fiddler of the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice modulation's mazes!

Till the rapt soul, supremely blest!
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confest,
The harmony of Nature.

Hark! with the pensive in duet
The sprightly horn it mingles;
The Prude's the fife, and the Coquette
The lively harp that tingles.

One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive t'other prates it;
Like Cæsar this to victory springs,
Like Fabius that awaits it.

With various gifts to make us blest
Love skills each charming creature;
Thus lovely woman stands confest
The harmony of Nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.

All wives piano fortes are,
The bass how Old Maids thump it;
The bugle-horn are archers fair,
The Amazon's a trumpet.

With various gifts to make us blest,
Love skills his fav'rite creature,
And thus sweet Woman stands confest
The harmony of Nature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIDE.

Pride commences with our life, grows with our growth, and spreads thro' all our conversation and conduct. She accompanies us through every stage, condition, and circumstance of our terrestial course. She intermingles with almost every action we perform, and every pursuit in which we engage. She attends us to the grave, in all the pomp, solemnity, and expence of funeral. She engraves her ostentatious inscriptions on the stone that covers the mouldering body, and, when that body is incorporated with its original dust, and these *words of vanity* are no longer legible, she attempts, by escutcheons and pedigrees, and genealogical legends, to perpetuate the name which wisdom had, perhaps, consigned to oblivion. This is, more or less, the foible, this the deformity, this the deep-rooted vice of all mankind. Pride appears in the cottage, as well as in the palace. She sits on the workman's bench, as well as on the monarch's throne. She struts driving a flock of sheep, as well as marching at the head of a victorious army. One great cause of wrath, and contention, and rancour among men, is, whose pride has a right to indulgence; who is entitled to that pre-eminence, of which both parties are, perhaps, equally unworthy; and who is authorised to vindicate that superiority at which all aspire, but which the generality refuse to every one, but themselves!

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

A Spanish Soldier perceiving the palace in flames, and knowing the King's sister was in an apartment from which it was impossible for her to escape, generously resolved to attempt saving her life at the hazard of his own; and rushing through the flames for that purpose, bore her triumphantly away in his arms. By this brave and humane action the Spanish *etiquette* was totally destroyed, and the next day he was summoned before a bench of judges. The crime of breaking into the presence of a *princess* was now fully and completely proved against him, and the reward of his valour was to be an ignominious death. The lady however, in consideration of his services, *condescendingly* requested the sentence might be revoked, and the judges in compliance with her desires, *generously* forgave the attrocious crime.

SCRIPTURE PUN.

Lord Auckland, (whenMr. Eden,) in the American war, was one day haranguing the House in a very vehement manner, and some of his observations occasioning much laughter, a member, on entering, asked Charles Fox what was the matter. "*Oh! nothing*," says the man of the people, "*only the devil is got again into Eden.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Johnson remarked that the reply of *Macbeth* to his wife after she had been stimulating him to murder *Duncan*, tho' contained in two lines, would have made Shakespeare eminent had he written nothing besides——

"I dare do all that may become a man,
"Who dare do more is none."

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SALEM, JUNE 21—28, 1806.

"*To note the passing tidings of the times.*"

23. The accounts respecting the singular expedition of Miranda are so contradictory that no dependence can be placed on them.

25. Yesterday the Legislature of Massachusetts was adjourned to the first Wednesday of January next. The Hon. Council is adjourned to August.

27. English accounts to the 8th of May have been received at New-York. Affairs between France and Austria remained in an unsettled state.—A skirmish had taken place between a party of Swedish and a body of Prussian troops. The attack was commenced by the latter, and the former retreated after making a slight resistance.—It was expected that Russia would declare against Prussia.

MARRIED,

In Baltimore, Mr. *Reuben Coffin*, to Miss *Polly Butt*, both of that city.

'Tis strange my dear Polly, said Jenny, half scoffing,
'Tis strange that Miss Butt
Should wish to be put
In the very same bed with her Coffin. *Bal. pap.*

DIED,

On board the ship Exeter, on her passage from Manilla, Mr. John T. Dolliver, of Salem.

In this town, Mr. William Hilburt, aged 82. Mr. Edward Burns.

Judge Wythe, of Virginia, whose death has been lately mentioned, was supposed to be poisoned by his nephew who resided with him. The circumstances of this horrid transaction are thus related:—The young man had forged his uncle's name in drawing checks on the bank; to prevent detection, and at the same time to secure a considerable sum bequeathed to him in the Judge's will, he administered the fatal dose by mixing it with the coffee prepared for breakfast. Not only the Judge, but several of his domestics, drank of the coffee, and are dead, or at the point of death. Judge Wythe fortunately survived long enough to discover the fraud of his nephew, and disappoint him in his hopes of a legacy.

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